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11
Lyra Anglicana

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. ROBERT H. BAYNES, M.A.

Vicar of S. Michael and All Angels, Coventry.

“Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.”—PSALM cxix. 54.

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TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
THIS COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS,
WITH HER GRACE'S PERMISSION,
IS VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.

A FEW words will explain the object of this Collection of Hymns and Sacred Songs. It is intended as a supplement to the many books of a similar character already published. I have therefore purposely excluded many well-known and favourite hymns, on the ground that nearly all of them are to be found in those Collections to which I have referred. A considerable number of those inserted in this Book will be new to the majority of readers, but I venture to believe that, when known and appreciated, they will be added to the list of those Sacred Songs most dear to Christian hearts.

It would be almost impossible to overrate the value of really good hymns for private as well as

public use. Next to the Bible itself, hymns have done more to influence our views, and mould our theology, than any other instrumentality whatever. There is a power in hymns which never dies. Easily learned in the days of childhood and of youth ; often repeated ; seldom, if ever forgotten ; they abide with us, a most precious heritage amid all the changes of our earthly life. They form a fitting and most welcome expression for every kind of deep religious feeling ; they are with us to speak of faith and hope in hours of trial and sorrow ; with us to animate to all earnest Christian effort ; with us as the rich consolation of individual hearts, and as one common bond of fellowship between the living members of Christ's mystical Body.

If the present Collection should tend in any way, to further these blessed ends, I shall indeed rejoice, and shall consider any labour on my part as more than abundantly repaid.

I have to acknowledge, with many sincere thanks, the kindness of those publishers and authors who have allowed me the free use of various hymns and poems, the copyright of which belongs to them.

Among the former I must make especial mention of Messrs. Longman and Co., the publishers of "Lyra Domestica;" Messrs. Nisbet and Co., the publishers of "The Three Wakings;" the proprietor of the "Lays of the Sanctuary;" Messrs. Edmondston and Douglas, the publishers of the Rev. J. D. Burns' Poems; the Editor of "Hymns for the Household of Faith,"—Wertheim, Macintosh, and Co.; and Mr. Yapp, of Welbeck Street, the publisher of "Whispers in the Palms," by Mrs. Shipton, and of "Wild Thyme gathered on the Mountains of Israel."

Among the latter, of my old friend and companion, Charles Lawrence Ford, so many of whose contributions enrich the following pages; of Dr. Bonar, the well-known author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" of the author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther;" of Mrs. Alexander, the most beautiful hymn writer of modern days; and of many personal friends, whose names are printed with their respective Poems. The first Poem in the Volume, "The Burial of Moses," is the copyright of Mr. J. Masters, who requests me to state that I have paid a stipulated sum for its use, and

that such sum has been forwarded to an Asylum for Mutes in the North of Ireland, for whose benefit the work from which it is taken was originally written.

Ten large Editions of this Book have, I am thankful to say, been sold off in the space of little more than twelve years. No care or labour has been spared in order to make the present Edition a worthier and more valuable collection of Hymns and Sacred Songs.

R. H. B.



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LYRA ANGLICANA.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor ; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.



Y Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bold old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble dressed.

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour, —
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave ?


In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still,
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of Him he loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



LEAD ME AND GUIDE ME.

EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from
home ;
Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant way ; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Wouldst lead me on ;
I loved to see and choose my path, but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.


So long Thy power hath kept me, sure it still
Will lead me on !
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile !

J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

“And unto Adam He said, . . . Cursed is the ground
for thy sake. Thorns . . . shall it bring forth.”

“And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on
His head.”

N bitter sorrow did the ground bring forth
Its fatal seed. Thine eyes beheld the
birth—
Beheld the travail of accursed earth ;
E'en then, O Lord, in greater love than wrath !

Thou saw'st the sin that none could gather out—
The vineyard covered with the thorn and briar ;
Thou saw'st the fair land ready for the fire—
And still Thy pity compassed it about !

Thou, O most merciful ! didst spare the brand ;
Thou didst redeem the paradise of God ;
The thorns were rooted from the stubborn sod
In pain and toil, by Thine own blessed Hand.

How was our path to Heaven o'ergrown with sin—
Bramble, and thistle, and the poisonous weed !
Though hearts should break, and patient feet
should bleed,
And strive and struggle, none could walk therein.

And Thou didst call us when we went astray—
Didst make our high-road straight for evermore ;
And, for our guidance, passèd on before,
Leaving Thy shining footprints in the way.

Still do the wild thorns hedge us round about ;
Still grow the thistles from the ancient stock ;
Still trails the bramble on the blasted rock—
But we can dig, and Thou wilt pull them out.

Ay, we can work—O help us in the strife !
Labour is sweet, for Thou dost share it now ;
And we shall eat, in sweat of furrowed brow,
Not earthly food, but Thine own bread of Life.

And there are thorns of suffering left behind—
Sorrow and loss—that weigh our courage down ;
But ah ! we know Thy sacramental crown
Was made of sin and sorrow—intertwined.

Give us of Thy sweet patience, Lord, we pray !
We would not spurn them with rebellious tricks,
Nor fret and strive—for Thou canst feel the
pricks ;
We too would wear them as a crown for aye.

We would put on Thy likeness—we, the least
And most unworthy ! Ah ! each piercing thorn
In Thy name patiently and meekly worn,
Shall bear a blossom for the bridal Feast.

Look down, O Brother, with the yearning eyes !
Behold us kneeling at Thy bitter cross !
Grant us a share in all Thine earthly loss,
That we may share Thy throne in paradise.

O weary Head ! we see Thee drooping now
Beneath that diadem of mortal pain !
We see Thee sprinkled with the scarlet stain :—
Drop down the chrism on our sinful brow !

O sacred Head !—pale, beautiful, benign—
On our heads be Thy precious blood, we cry !
So the destroying angel, passing by,
Shall spare to smite us—reverencing the sign.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



MINE HOUR IS NOT YET COME.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

“



ESUS' hour is not yet come :”

Let this word thine answer be,
Pilgrim asking for thy home,
Longing to be blest and free.
Yet a season tarry on,
Nobly borne is nobly done.

While oppressing cares and fears
Night and day no respite leave :
Still prolonged through many years,
None to help thee or relieve ;
Hold the word of promise fast,
Till deliverance comes at last.

Every creature-hope and trust,
Every earthly prop or stay,
May be prostrate in the dust,
May have failed or passed away ;
Then, when darkest falls the night,
Jesus comes, and all is light.

Yea, the Comforter draws nigh
To the breaking, bursting heart ;
For, with tender sympathy,
He has seen and felt its smart :
Through its darkest hours of ill,
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, when comes His hour ?
Then when it shall aid thee best.
Trust His faithfulness and power,
Trust in Him, and quiet rest.
Suffer on, and hope, and wait :
Jesus never comes too late.

Blessed day which hastens fast,
End of conflict and of sin !
Death itself shall die at last,
Heaven's eternal joys begin !
Then eternity shall prove
God is Light and God is Love !

SPITTA.



THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.”—MAL. iv. 2.



THE sick man in his chamber,
Through the long, weary night,
Tossed on his restless pillow,
How longs he for the light !

He counts the hours that linger,
Heavy with clouds and rain,
And a great weight of darkness
Lies on his fevered brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,
And the owl hoot afar !
While glimmers the pale night-light,
And fades the midnight star :

Till eastward in the heaven
He sees at last the sign—
O'er the fair purple mountain
A single silver line.

It broadens and it deepens
To a sea of red and gold,
With clouds of rosy amber
Around its glory rolled ;

Till each pane of his window
Is silvered o'er and o'er,
And lines of golden arrows
Lie on the dusky floor.

The sick soul lieth weary
In the world's soft unrest,
With clouds of care and sorrow
And weight of sins opprest.

Out of the night she crieth,
Out of the narrow room ;
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom ?

Break on this night of longing,
Where hand in hand we grope,
Through wastes of vain endeavour,
'Neath stars of fruitless hope.

O'er the great hills of sadness
That hem us darkly in,
Rough with our tears and losses,
And black with many a sin ;—

Rise, rise above the mountains,
With healing on Thy wings ;
Break, break into the chambers
Where pain in secret stings.

Come, while the morning tarries,
Our waiting eyes to bless ;
Look through the lowly lattice—
Bright Sun of Righteousness !

Set for the hearts that love Thee
Thy token up above—
The white rays of redemption,
And the red fire of love.

Out of our gloom we call Thee,
Out of our helpless night ;
Sun of the world, sweet Saviour,
Show us Thy perfect light.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

From "Legend of the Golden Prayers."



THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

UNCOMPLAINING, though with care
 grown hoary,
 I desire to wear no crown of glory
 Where my Saviour wore a crown of
 thorn ;

Not in paths of roses would I dally,
 Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
 Where He suffered bitter pain and scorn.

Lord, send forth Thy light and truth to lead me
 In the way wherein Thy saints precede me,
 With Thy Holy Spirit for my guide ;
 Let me choose the path of self-denial,
 Shunning no sharp cross or bitter trial
 Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.

Give me, Thou Who art the soul's Renewer,
 Steadfast faith, which day by day grows truer :
 Kindle love, the fruit of faith, in me,—
 Love which puts the soul in active motion ;
 Love which fills the heart with true devotion,
 And which leads me through the world to Thee.

Many a painful step must be ascended
 Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
 And in heaven I see thee face to face :
 O then, reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raise me,
 For, alas ! the giddy height dismays me ;
 Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace !

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
Let me gaze upon thine own bright Heaven,
The sweet haven where I long to be ;
Give me now the comfort of possessing,
What I value as the highest blessing,
Perfect peace through steadfast faith in Thee !

Here I am a sojourner and stranger,
Worn with hardship and exposed to danger,
Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand ;
With the cross upon my breast I wander
To the promised Canaan which lies yonder,
My beloved and longed-for Fatherland.

C. J. SPITTA



OCCUPY TILL I COME.

WORK while it is called To-day,
 Watch and pray !
 With both thine hands right ear-
 nestly
 As in sight of God most high,
 Thy calling ply.

Watch ! it is the Master calls thee ;
 Pray ! it is His ear that hears ;
 Up ! shake off thy chilly fears !
 Mindful that whate'er befalls thee
 Leaves thee further on thy way,
 Watch and pray.

Watch ! for demons haunt around thee ;
 Sin and harm beset thy path ;
 Yet be sure that nothing hath
 Power to hinder or confound thee,
 So thou faithfully alway
 Watch and pray.

Pray ! lest watching make thee weary ;
 Praying thou shalt never fail.
 Though the night be long and dreary,
 Though the dawn be faint and pale,
 Brightens fast the perfect Day :
 Watch and pray.

*I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR THOU
ART WITH ME.*



N heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure ;
My path to life is free ;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. WARING.

*HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH
WELL.*

HE liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
 All else is being flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give ;
 Else is that being but a dream,
 'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;
 Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too :
 He is the wisest who can tell
 How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the True.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed,
 Hold up to earth the torch Divine ;
 Be what thou prayest to be made ;
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth if thou the True wouldst reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.



*RABBI, WHERE DWELLEST THOU?—
COME AND SEE.*



MASTER, where abidest Thou?

Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we
seek;

For the wants which press us
now

Other aid is all too weak.

Canst Thou take our sins away?

May we find repose in Thee?

From the gracious lips to-day,

As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?

We would leave the past behind;

We would scale the mountain's brow,

Learning more Thy heavenly mind.

Still a look is all our lore,

The transforming look to Thee;

From the living truth once more

Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?

How shall we Thine image best

Bear in light upon our brow,

Stamp in love upon our breast?

Still a look is all our might :

Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight
With the message, " Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou ?

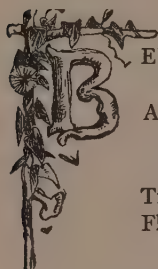
All the springs of life are low ;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go ;
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee :
From the voice which makes them blest
Comes the summons, " Come and see."

Christian ! tell it to thy brother,

From life's dawning till its end ;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend ;
Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be,
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant " Come and see."

Author of " The Three Wakings."



THE ISRAELITES AT THE RED SEA.

BEHIND them lies the desert waste ;
Before, the pathless deep ;
And on their track with vengeful
haste
Egypt's dark squadrons sweep ;
Till in the sunset's last red glow
Flashes the armour of the foe !

Then rose to Heaven a mighty cry ;
A people's voice was on the air—
In every heart, in every eye,
Rebellion and despair :

“ Why didst thou thus our steps beguile ?
Were there no graves beside the Nile ?

“ Where are the pleasant things and fair
That grow by Egypt's streams ?
Is this lone waste, the lion's lair,
The Canaan of our dreams ?
This dark blue sea, this barren strand,
The pathway to the Promised Land ? ”

The word is spoken !—o'er the wave
Is stretched the leader's mystic rod ;
And safely, through the yawning grave
Where human foot had never trod,

They reach at dawn the distant shore—
Their buried foes are seen no more !

O Lord, when, like Thy sons of old,
We wander through a barren waste,
Where Hope is faint and Love is cold,
And bitter to our earthly taste
The stream that in the desert flows,
The daily bread Thy hand bestows,—

When haunting dreams of pleasant things
Make the lone wilderness more drear,
Where every hour in passing brings
Some present pain, some threatening fear,
And stretched before our shrinking eyes,
Like a dark sea, the future lies,—

Then, Lord, be Thou at hand to guide,
Thy Cross be there our path to mark :
Though high may swell the stormy tide,
In Heaven is light, though earth be dark :
Like those who crossed that Eastern sea,
We *shall* be safe who trust in Thee.

E. E. WHITE.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

HE brought her box of alabaster,
The precious spikenard filled the
room,
With honour worthy of the Master,
A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly
On His dear feet, outstretched and bare ;
Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses
Adown her cheek, like willow leaves,
As stooping still, with fond caresses,
She plies her task of love, and grieves.

O may we thus, like loving Mary,
Ever our choicest offerings bring,
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
Of costly service to our King.

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly,
Some hallowed voice at evening rise,
Or quiet morn, or in the holy
Unclouded calm of Sabbath skies,—

I bring my box of alabaster,
Of earthly loves I break the shrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaster,
On that dear Head—those feet of Thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherished,
The fairest flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondest idols perished,
Receive the incense of my love !

What though the scornful world, deriding
Such waste of love, of service, fears,
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster,—
Accepted let the offering rise !
So grateful tears shall flow the faster,
In founts of gladness from my eyes !

C. L. FORD.



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her,
and said unto her, Weep not."—LUKE vii. 13.

FORTH from the city gate,
As evening shadows lengthen o'er the
plain,
And the hushed crowd in reverent
silence wait,
Passed out a funeral train.

Only one mourner there,
Slowly, with feeble steps, following the dead,
In the sad travail of the soul's despair
Bowed down her stricken head.

For him she wept forlorn,
Of care the solace, and of age the stay,
Whose silver cord was broken ere the morn
Had brightened into day.

Thus hath it ever been,—
Time the destroyer sweeps relentless by,
When hopes are strong and leaves of promise green,
And manhood's heart beats high.

Who comes of stately mien,
As one with travel weary, seeking rest,—
Whose aspect gentle, and whose brow serene,
Speak of a mission blest?

'Tis He, with power to save,
Who where desponding grief his vigil kept,
Knowing all human sufferings, at the grave
Of Lazarus wept.

Thus spake He,—“Weep no more!
Be still, sad heart! Be dry, ye moistened eyes!
Thus to the living I the dead restore:
Sleeper, awake, arise!”

Then at His bidding came
To those cold lips the warm returning breath;
Then did He kindle life's extinguished flame,
Victor o'er Sin and Death.

And thus He ever stands,—
Friend of the fallen, wiping all tears away,
Wherever Sorrow lifts her suppliant hands,
And Faith remains to pray.

Where'er the wretched flee
From the rude conflict of this world distress,
Consoling words He whispers,—“Come to Me,
And I will give you rest!”

Till at the second birth,
He bids the woes and wrongs of ages cease,
And brings to an emancipated earth,
Judgment, and truth, and peace ;

And gathers all His own,
From the four winds to that eternal shore,
Where Mercy sits upon the great White Throne,
And Death shall be no more.

W. R. NEALE.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



IN MEMORIAM.

BONCHURCH.

11 23/76.

13th Sunday after Trinity, MDCCCLXIII.



NEVER can forget that Sunday night,
I sat alone beside the burial sod,
I watched the moon sail o'er her sea of light,
And the dear stars of God.

No sound disturbed the stillness of that time,
Save the low murmur of the restless wave,
A seeming echo to the Church-bell's chime,
Beside the Cross-crowned grave.

I thought of those whose struggles all were o'er
In the calm rest of God's untroubled sleep ;
Of white-robed saints upon the tideless shore,
Where none may toil or weep.

And then I thought of that far better Land,
From every storm and darkening tempest free,
Where never billow sobs upon the strand,
For *there* is no more sea !

Until I almost longed to be at rest
From life's exceeding sorrow and its care ;
To join, e'en now, the anthems of the blest,
Their perfect gladness share !

But while I dreamed of God's eternal Home,
Watching the shadows as they flitted by,
Voices all dear and earnest seemed to come
From out the grave and sky,—

Bidding me work while it is called To-day ;
To suffer, if He will, and so be strong ;
To use His blessed gifts as best I may,
For no true life is long.

Thus, from this lonely tomb beside the shore,
I learnt the lesson,—hardest, yet the best ;—
I will be patient—I will dream no more,
And *He* will give me rest !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.



FULL SATISFACTION.

NOT here ! not here ! Not where the
sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw
near,

Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
“ I shall be satisfied ! ”—but oh ! not here !

Not here,—where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal ;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,
Lies the fair Country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words, “ I shall be satisfied.”

“ I shall be satisfied ! ” The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied?—the soul's vague longing—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh, what desires upon my heart are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward Home, where, all my wanderings
ending,
I shall see Thee, "and shall be satisfied!"



WATCH AND PRAY.

HE night is dark—behold, the shade
was deeper,
In the still garden of Gethsemane,
When the calm voice awoke the weary
sleeper,

“ Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with
Me ? ”

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials—
To count all earthly things a gainful loss ?

What if thou always sufferest tribulation ?
What if thy Christian warfare never cease ?
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

Here are we all to suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone ;
Watch thou this hour in trustful patience only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn :

And He will come in His own time from Heaven,
To set His earnest-hearted children free ;
Watch only through this dark and painful even,
And the bright Morning yet will break for thee.

REASON AND FAITH.

Lines suggested by the Essay on the Death of Christ, in
"Aids to Faith," by the Lord Archbishop of YORK.



THROUGH paths of pleasant thought
I ran,
False Science sang enchanted airs ;
She told of nature and of man,
And of the God-like gifts he bears.
But when I sat down by the way,
And thought out life and thought out sin,
The burning truths that round me lay,
And all the weak proud self within ;

Still in my single soul there wrought
The sense of sin, the curse of doom,
Till slowly broke upon my thought
An Eastern olive garden's gloom.
Hung on Thy Cross 'twixt earth and heaven
I saw Thee, Son of man Divine ;
To Thee the bitter pain was given,
But all the heavy guilt was mine.

I know the serpent touched my heart,
I saw his trail on hand and brow ;
No sinless thought, no perfect part,
But sullied breast and broken vow.

But then I felt my need of Thee,
And pride's illusions passed away ;
And oh ! that Thou hast died for me,
Is more than all the world can say.

The wounded fawn in yonder glade,
Beside the doe seeks rest from harm ;
The babe that scorned its mother's aid,
Flies to her at the least alarm.
And thus I feel my need of Thee,
When sin and pride would tempt me most ;
And oh ! that Thou hast died for me,
Is more than all the sceptic's boast.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



*THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN
A WEARY LAND.*



HE pathways of Thy land are little
changed
Since Thou wert there ;
The busy world through other ways
has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet ;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low ;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee ;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them
From height to height,
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once and
palm,

Which we tread thus ;

Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm,
On to Thy Cross.

The waves have washed fresh sand upon the shore
Of Galilee ;

But chiselled on the hill-sides evermore,
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced :

Where Thy feet trod to bless we still may stand ;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these ;

Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace ;
Thou art not dead !

Our path is onward till we see Thy face
And hear Thy tread.

And now wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,

There is Thy Presence, there Thy Holy Land—
Thou, Thou art there !

Author of " The Three Wakings."

*LOVEST THOU ME MORE THAN
THESE ?*




ESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea ;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth ;
Saying, Christian, follow Me.

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love Me more.

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love Me more than these.

Jesus calls us—by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all !

*BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR,
AND KNOCK.*

N the silent midnight watches
List—thy bosom door !
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating ;
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
“ Rise and let Me in.”

Death comes on with reckless footsteps
To the hall and hut ;
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
When the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast ;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in ;
•At the gate of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas ! thou guilty creature,
Hast thou, then, forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not.

A. C. COXE, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Western New York.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

IS not for man to trifle ! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours ;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—

Frail, fleeting man !

How sacred should that one life ever be—

That narrow span !

Day after day filled up with blessèd toil :

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil !

Our being is no shadow of thin air,

No vacant dream :

No fable of the things that never were,

But only seem.

'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,

Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night—

No idle tale :

No cloud that floats along a sky of light,

On summer gale.

They are the true realities of earth—

Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below, how brief, how poor, how sad !
 One heavy sigh.

O life above, how long, and fair, and glad !
 An endless joy.

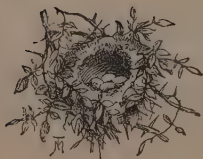
O to have done for aye with dying here !
O to begin the living in yon sphere !

O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,
 How dull your hue !


O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky and earth
 Made fair and new !

Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green !
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene !

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.



*OH! WHEN WILT THOU COME
UNTO ME?*

OME to me, Lord, when first I wake,—
As the faint lights of morning break ;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dewdrops, to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,—
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade,—
And if my heart from Thee have strayed,
Oh ! bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like Thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,—
When sleep withholds her balmy power ;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way,—
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour ! bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art, Thy child may be.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

“He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.”—LUKE vi. 12.



THOU didst love the evening hours,
Saviour of the world and me,
And the closing of the flowers
Brought a welcome rest to Thee,
As the hireling gladly sees
The long shadows of the trees.

Rest, but not on beds of down,
Curtained close in soft repose ;
Thou didst seek the mountain's crown ;
Where the shady olive grows,
Thou didst find a place of prayer,
Commune with Thy Father there.

Ah ! methinks I see Thee now,
Climbing, late, the mountain side ;
Cool night breezes fan Thy brow,
Day's long cares in shadows hide :
Far below the Eastern steep
Salem lies in double sleep !

All day long those hands of Thine
 Mercy's almoners have been ;
All day long those eyes divine
 Sights of want and woe have seen ;
All day long those ears have heard
Many a harsh and sinful word.

Rest Thee, Saviour, rest Thee now !
 Let Thy weary eyelids close ;
On the lonely mountain brow
 Nought shall break Thy calm repose ;
Of Thy slumbers shall be born
Strength for toil with coming morn.

Angels hands Thy couch shall spread
 On the green and mossy sward ;
At Thy feet and at Thy head
 Cherubs shall keep watch and ward :
Bright, like his at Luz, shall be
Midnight visions unto Thee !

Nay—He rests not—see Him there,
 Kneeling low upon the sod,
All the burden of His prayer
 Pouring forth as man to God ;
Far away from earthly jars,
In the clear, calm light of stars.

For Himself He prays awhile—
 Strength to do His will on earth ;
He whose spirit knew no guile,
 Bore no taint of sinful birth ;

Strength to bear His Father's frown,
Grace to spurn the proffered crown :

Then for those few simple sheep,
Earnest of His future fold,
Fervent yearnings upward leap
Faith and hope for them grow bold ;
Angel censers through the air
Waft the perfume of His prayer.

But the first grey light of morning
Pierces now the olive shade ;
Early birds, with gentle warning,
Carol through the leafy glade ;
All unrested, save by prayer,
Jesus drinks the morning air.

Saviour ! let the evening hours
Dear to us, Thy children, be :
With clasped hands, as folded flowers,
Praying earnestly to Thee,
Let our vesper-worship rise
Incense-like before Thine eyes :—

Then, when the dark eventide
Closes in our life's long day,
And, like some steep mountain-side,
Frowns the last and lonesome way,
Bright to us that path shall be,
Found alone, O Lord, with Thee !

C. L. FORD.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in
woe ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature poor and low.

But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great White Throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed ;—

Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night ;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light.

And since in God's recording book
Our sins are written every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone ;—

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the Cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of Judgment save.

And lead us on, while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly Home ;
Till from our hearts we learn to say,
“ Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.”

C. F. ALEXANDER.



HYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

HE wise men to Thy cradle throne,
O Infant Saviour, brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern star,
Thine own baptizèd Gentile band.
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand.

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love ;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above.

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err ;
Worship, and love, and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee, our own Adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God and King ;
Accept the gold and incense, Lord,
Accept the myrrh we bring.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

HE tomb is empty ; wouldst thou
have it full ?

Still sadly clasping the unbreath-
ing clay ;—

O weak in faith ! O slow of heart
and dull,

To doat on darkness and shut out the day !

The tomb is empty ; He who, three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,
He who for death gave death, and life for life ;
Our Heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and blood ;
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid His wearied head ;
This was to him the very gate of Heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here Death had reigned ; into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way ;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so Divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends ; the rock-barred door
Is opened wide, and the great Prisoner gone ;
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, Death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison,
Is shattered, never to be built again ;
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last !
Who was and is ; Who liveth and was dead :
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed ;
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

The tomb is empty ; so, ere long, shall be
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose ;
They died with Him who died upon the tree,
They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

Death has not slain them ; they are freed, not slain.

It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have entered ; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved,
For death can only what is death's destroy ;
And when this earth's short ages have revolved,
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their lifelong battle with disease and pain,
And mortal weariness, is over now ;
Youth, health, and comeliness return again ;
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When day has broke, and shadows fled away.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.



*NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER
THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED.*



ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's House,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great White Throne,
Nearer the Jasper Sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the Crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the Light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death ;—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer Home—
Nearer now than I think !

CAREY.



THE SOUL'S LITANY.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesu ! pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread, to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink ;
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying,
To eternal life.

" Canterbury Hymnal."



THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad—but not in Thee.

Well may thine own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to thy daily discipline !

We need as much the Cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see,—
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee !

A. L. WARING.

THE GRAVE AT BETHANY.

LOVE'S tears fell fast, like the thick
rain that weepeth,
Earth's glory fled ;
"She goeth to the grave," they
said, "she keepeth
Watch o'er the dead."

But she hath heard the Master's call, and goeth
Her Lord to meet.
Her bursting heart with her pale form she throweth
Low at his feet.

"Hadst Thou been here!"—Faith's trembling
sunbeam glistens
Through sorrow's cloud :
Touched with a feeling of her tears, He listens
In anguish bowed.

"Hadst Thou been here!"—Like gloom the land
o'ershading,
Where sunshine slept,
Came o'er His Godlike soul that soft upbraiding,
And Jesus wept.

“Where have ye laid him?”—Where the cypress
clinging

Skirts the low cave,
He stands, a light o’er Death’s dark empire flinging,
Mighty to save.

Hushed are all sounds, while like soft mists ascending,
Quiet and calm,
Goes up to Heaven the solemn prayer, portending
Grief’s richest balm.

“Lazarus, come forth!”—Far down in death’s
abysses

The glad soul heard,
And, like a babe new waked by morning kisses,
To life is stirred :

And as a dream one waking moment tarries,
Then melts in night,
No thought of those dark days the spirit carries
Back to the light ;

But even as one who some brief while hath wandered
On field or foam,
And still on loved ones left each night hath pondered,
Yearning for home,—

He comes again—all sweet familiar faces
Beholds once more ;
Each natural scene the foreign past displaces
From memory’s store ;

So, without painful change, or fearful wonder,
From his calm bed,
Parting the curtains of the grave asunder,
Came forth the dead ;

Earnest of that far time, when, to us waking,
This life shall seem,
Amid that higher life upon us breaking,
A strange, faint dream.

C. L. FORD.



THE HOLY COMMUNION.

O Gospel like this Feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

All our Redemption cost,
All our redemption won ;
All it has won for us, the lost—
All it cost Thee, the Son ;—

Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given ;
Thine was the Blood of Sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of Heaven ;

For Thee, the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken Heart, the side transpierced
To us, the Bread of Life !

To Thee, our curse and doom
Wrapt round Thee with our sin ;
The horror of that mid-day gloom,
The deeper night within.

To us, Thy home in light,
Thy "Come, ye blessed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest Day
Meeting before our sight ;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God ;

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see—
Still at the Cross, as at the Feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee !

Author of "The Three Wakings."



THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
 Here would I touch and handle
 things unseen ;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal
 grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heaven ;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone ;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here ;
 Nearer and nearer ; still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed :
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one ;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten ; yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee ;
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear.

But see, the Pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert night ;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and love.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.



*THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE
WAS UPON HIM.*



ARKLY rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem :
See the Christ, His Cross up-bearing,
See Him stricken, meekly wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed Him.
Slew Him on the cursed tree ;
Ours the sin from heaven that called Him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary ;
Yet He for his murderers pleaded,—
Lord, by us that prayer is needed :
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious Cross and passion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious resurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us Thine eternally.

THE TEMPLE OF CHRIST.

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”



WE kneel upon that holy altar step,
With bended head,
With restless heart all hushed and
stilled in prayer ;
For Christ himself has come to meet us
there—

Pardon and peace to seal,
And new life to reveal—
Veiled in the sacramental Wine and Bread.

On the dark threshold of His dwelling-place
The Master stands,
And hark ! He knocks all gently at the door,
As He has—O so often !—knocked before ;
His voice is raised to plead
With those His love has freed
From woe eternal and death's iron bands.

How shall He find His Temple-home prepared
When He comes in ?
That Light of Light, with purity divine,
Must it upon a soul's pollution shine ?
Is it in ruins there—
Once in His sight so fair ?
Will it be choked with noisome weeds within ?

O Lord of life, if it indeed be so,
 Then grant, we pray,
Thine aid Divine, its beauty to restore !
Let it be cold, and dark, and foul no more ;
 But build its altar up ;
 Pour out the brimming Cup
Of Thine own love, to cleanse each stain away.

Ah ! as within this great Cathedral church
 The sunbeams shine
On pure and perfect beauty, may the light
Of heavenly grace and pardon, soft and bright,
 Shine upon hearts made fair
 By daily work and prayer—
Meet for Thy presence and Thy love Divine.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

“Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord
Jesus Christ.”



HERE was a ship, one eve autumnal, onward
Steered o'er an ocean lake ;
Steered by some strong hand ever
as if sunward ;
Behind an angry wake,
Before there stretched a sea that grew intenser,
With silver-fire far spread,
Up to a hill mist-gloried, like a censer,
With smoke encompassèd ;
It seemed as if two seas met brink to brink,
A silver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a soul that eve autumnal sailing
Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Towards the land of sunsets never paling,
Towards Heaven's sea of stars ;
Behind there was a wake of billows tossing,
Before a glory lay.
O happy soul ! with all sail set, just crossing
Into the Far-away ;
The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife,
Were death before thee, and behind thee life.

And as that ship went up the waters stately,
 Upon her topmasts tall
I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly
 Dark, as a funeral pall.
But oh! the next's pure whiteness who shall utter?
 Like a shell-snowy strand,
Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter
 On a dead baby's hand;
But both alike across the surging sea
Helped to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that soul went onward, sweetly speeding
 Unto its home and light,
Repentance made it sorrowful exceeding,
 Faith made it wondrous bright;
Repentance dark with shadowy recollections,
 And longings unsufficed,
Faith white and pure with sunniest affections
 Full from the face of Christ:
But both across the sun-besilvered tide
Helped to the haven where the heart would ride.

RIGHT REV. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Derry.



*MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR
THEE.*



ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Is it Thy sweet voice, O Father, that speaks
to my soul once more,
Chasing the clouds that gather, stilling
the waves that roar?

It comes like a burst of music, while a light from
above doth shine,—

“Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
is thine.”

Was it meet to make merry, Father? Was it meet
to be glad for me,

Who sat with the swineherds rather, forgetful of
Home and Thee?

Till, hungry and faint and weary, and fain for the
husks to pine,

I sought in my shame the dwelling and the bread
that once were mine.

But I am not worthy, Father—not fit to be called
Thy Son!

Servant or hireling, rather, is the name my deeds
have won;

Yet still, as the elder brethren, I hear the kind
words Divine,

“Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
is thine.”

Still let me be with thee, Father, and ever be Thou
with me ;

When the clouds and tempests gather, O then let
me trust in Thee ;

Let me hide in Thy quiet shadow, let me dwell
in Thy secret shrine,

The home of the men that love thee, the souls that
Thou callest Thine.

Then up to Thyself, O Father, when glad from the
earth I go,

My soul Thou shalt gently gather, my body shall
guard below ;

I shall hear, through the lapse of ages, when the
stars have ceased to shine,

“ Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
is thine.”

C. L. FORD.



HE WEPT OVER IT.

HOW me the tears, the tears of tender love,

Wept over Salem in her evil day ;

When grace and righteousness together strove,

And grace at length to righteousness gave way.

Dread hour of conflict between law and love !—

When not from tears couldst Thou, O Christ, refrain ;

When grace went forth to save, but, like the dove,
Returned disconsolate, its errand vain.

Theirs the great woe, yet Thine, O Lord, the deep
And awful anguish for their coming fears ;

Thou weepedst because they refused to weep,
And grief Divine found vent in human tears.

They closed the ear against Thy tender words ;

They chose another lord, and spurned Thy sway ;

Thou wouldst have drawn them, but they snapped
Thy cords ;

Thou wouldst have blest them, but they turned
away.

Thou lovedst them, but they would not be loved,
And human hatred fought with Love Divine ;
They saw Thee shed the tears of love unmoved,
And mocked the grace that would have made
them Thine.

O Son of God, who camest from above
To take my flesh, to bear my bitter cross ;
Show me Thy tears, Thy tears of tender love,
That I for Thee may count all gain but loss :

That I may know Thee, and by Thee be known ;
That I may love Thee, and may taste Thy love ;
That I may win Thee, and in Thee a crown ;
That I may rest and reign with Thee above.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.



VISION FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

SAW again. Behold Heaven's open
door ; *

Behold ! a throne,—the Seraphim stood
o'er it,—

The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book—an angel strong †
To Heaven and earth proclaimed his loud
appeals—

But a hush passed across the seraph's song,
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain to death-cry of the year,
Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given ; ‡
It was a wondrous thing to see a tear
Fall on the floor of Heaven.

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not ; wherefore fails,
Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal ?
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails
To loose the sevenfold seal."

'Twas Israel's voice, and straightway up above
Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow-white, §
Heart-wounded with the deep, sweet wounds of love,
Eternal, infinite.

* Rev. iv.

† Rev. v. 2.

‡ Rev. v. 4.

§ Rev. v. 6.

Then rose the song no ear had heard before ;
Then from the white-robed throng, high anthem
woke ; *

And fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore,
The Alleluias broke.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth is nigh,
When first life's weary waste his feet have trod—
Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
Working the works of God ;

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose ;
Through the dark woof of death's approaching
night ;

His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,
Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set—
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath—
He walketh to a fadeless coronet,
Up through the gate of death !

RIGHT REV. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

* Heb. xi. 13.



*THIS IS MY BELOVED, AND THIS IS
MY FRIEND.*



ESU, thou Joy of loving hearts !

Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light
of men !

From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;

To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee—All in All !

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesu, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away,—
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

S. BERNARD.

Translated by Palmer.

*HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE
STILL WATERS.*

[In Bonchurch Churchyard there is a grave, and a simple stone cross over it, with the name, MARION SEWELL, aged 17 years, and the above text for the Epitaph.]

2 1/3 1/6.



SEVENTEEN summers passed and
ended,

Like a fleeting April ray—
Part with us, and part in Heaven,
Resting till the Judgment Day.

Here, the tall trees casting shadows ;
Here, the sunset-gilded wave ;
Here, her form we loved so dearly ;
Here, her quiet Christian grave :

There, the placid streams of comfort,
Watering many a verdant lea ;
There, the spirit that has left us,
Waiting till the end shall be.

Here, the great unrest of ages ;
Here, the trouble, toil, and strife :
There, the peaceful, quiet waters
Of the crystal stream of life.

Here, the sighing of the branches ;
Here, the wave-beat on the shore :
There, the ceaseless strain of angels
Chanting praises evermore.

Here, the rocks, and shoals, and quicksands ;
Here the white cross on the sod :
There, the haven where she would be,
In the bosom of her God.

B. COURTENAY GIDLEY.



EASTER DAY.

PATHWAY opens from the
tomb,

The grave's a grave no more !
Stoop down : look into that
sweet room,

Pass through the unsealed door :
Linger a moment by the bed,

Where lay but yesterday the Church's Head.

What is there there to make thee fear ?

A folded chamber-vest,

Akin to that which thou shalt wear,

When for thy slumber drest ;

Two gentle angels sitting by—

How sweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie !

No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,

No emblems of decay,

No solemn sound of passing-bell,

To say, " He's gone away ;"—

But angel-whispers soft and clear,

And He, the risen Jesus, standing near.

“Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?”

’Tis not the gardener’s voice,
But His to Whom all knees shall bow,
In whom all hearts rejoice;
The voice of Him Who yesterday
Within that rock was Death’s resistless prey.

“Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?”

The living with the dead?”
Take young spring flowers and deck thy brow,
For life with joy is wed:
The grave is now the grave no more;
Why fear to pass that bridal chamber door?

Take flowers and strew them all around
The room where Jesus lay:
But softly tread; ’tis hallowed ground,
And this is Easter day.
“The Lord is risen,” as He said,
And thou shalt rise with Him, thy risen Head.



THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

S oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet!—
Christ trod this toilsome path before ;
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain
Or sorrow, in our path appear ?
The sweet remembrance will remain—
More deeply did He suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with sorrow, pain, and grief.

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did He, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin ;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The Tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin ;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy !

WILBERFORCE.



DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

WITH laud and loud thanksgiving,
Thee, Saviour, we adore,
The Dead who now art living,
And shalt live evermore !
Set in the eternal city
At God's right hand above,
The Infinite in pity,
The Measureless in love.

For Thee, the nard and spices,
And the fine linen's fold ;
But not for Thee suffices
The ointment and the gold ;
Things nobler still and fairer,
O Saviour ! shall be Thine,
Man's heart hath offerings rarer,
Sweet sound, and song divine.

And prayer shall grow intenser,
And love and faith more strong,
As swings the golden censer,
As swells the glorious song,
Up through the Minster arches,
Up to the skies star-sown,
Where planets in their marches
Have music of their own :

Till wafted by devotion,
Our human voices call,
Across the crystal ocean,
Across the jasper wall.
Unto the city golden,
Where Christ is on His throne,
Where sweeter harps are holden,
And better hymns are known ;

And blend their measure lowly
With that eternal lay,
The " Holy, Holy, Holy !"
That rises night and day ;
And that great psalm expressing,
While Heaven's far echoes ring,
" Salvation, glory, blessing
And honour to our King !"

C. F. ALEXANDER.



*THEY SHALL LOOK UPON ME WHOM
THEY HAVE PIERCED.*

(A FRAGMENT.)



SALEM ! for thy long drear night of
woe,

What tears of bitterest grief might
justly flow !

But though at morning's dawn and
evening's close

Thy wandering children find no
sweet repose—

Though exiled now, 'mid many an
alien throng

Scattered and lone—a byword and a song—

Though Israel be not gathered,* and the cry

Of “Allah” rises proudly to the sky,

As still at eventide those massive stones

Send a sad echo to their yearning moans :

Fear not, O Sion ! wipe thy tearful eyes—

Shake off thy bands, and from the dust arise !

Thy dead shall live—the bones all dry and pale,†

With moving myriads shall fill the vale ;

For those few tombs that now bestrew the sod,

So shall thy seed be, as the stars of God !

* Isa. xlix. 5.

† Isa. xxvi. 19.


E'en now the gloomy shadows flee away,
And Faith exulting waits the break of day !
I know not if the visions glimpsed of old,
In glowing strains by gifted Prophets told,
Shall find their full fruition 'neath a sky
Where sorrow reigns, and all are born to die !
Nor if on Sion's summit e'er again
Shall rise the turrets of a statelier fane ;
And, brought to their ancestral home once more,
Ephraim and Judah, side by side, adore :
But this I know—o'er all their darkened sight
Their God shall pour a flood of holiest light :
They shall behold—and as they gaze shall mourn*—
The spotless Lamb who all "their griefs hath borne ;"
Before His cross—the true Messiah—fall :
The Man of Sorrows—yet the Lord of all !

And this I know—in Sion's fairer shrine,
From Eden's ruins reared, by power Divine,
As precious stones they shall for ever stand,
'Mid jewels garnered by no mortal hand.
E'en now Heaven's azure portals wide unfold ;
I catch the echoing strains from harps of gold :
Nearest the Throne, with blaze of glory dim,
Thy sons, O Judah ! chant the loftiest hymn !
And Israel's ransomed multitudes are seen
Casting their crowns before the "Nazarene."

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

* Zech. xii. 10.

THE DOUBLE CHALICE.

“HE cup My Father giveth Me !”
How deep
With holy import are these golden
words !

Art thou of those who tearful vigils keep,
While earth no cup of joy or peace affords ?
While all around—above—looks dark and drear,—
No friend to solace, and no kinsman near ?

Art thou alone, with none to sympathize,
With none to understand thy secret grief,
Kindly to ask thee, “ Why those bosom sighs,—
Whose speechless voice in vain implores relief ? ”
Ponder this word, ay, ponder it again,
Till sorrow smile, like sunshine after rain.

For know, the cup that Jesus drank for thee,
Was drugged with *that* thy lips may never know :
Sweet was the gall that mocked Him on the tree
To that deep Garden-cup of secret woe,
When those He prayed to watch through that dark
hour,
Untended left Him to its midnight power.

“The cup My Father giveth Me !” ‘Tis o’er !—

Not *such* the cup His hand doth place in thine :
That cup was emptied, to be filled no more ;

The cup He handeth thee is cheering wine ;
Sweet earnest-token of the joy to come,
When He shall pledge His kinsman-guests at Home.

“Shall I not drink it ?” hear Him meekly say ;


“Shall I not drink the cup My Father gives ?”
And canst *thou*, then, when welcomed, turn away,
Nor quaff the cup of life from Him who lives ?
Sweet pledge of love—Hope’s life-draught—until
He

Who drank Death’s cup shall share Life’s cup with
thee.



THE VIGIL.

“When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”—PSALM lxi. 2.

ATHER, my cup is full !
My trembling soul I raise ;
Oh, save me in this solemn hour,
Thy might and love to praise !

Father, my cup is full !
But One hath drunk before,
And for our sins Thy face was hid,
When the bitter draught ran o'er.

Father, my cup is full !
But Thou dost bid me drink ;
I know Thy love the chalice mixed,
And yet I faint—I shrink.

Alone He drank the cup,
The holy, sinless One,
That not one soul on earth again
Should drain the dregs alone.

Father, forsake me not !
O Christ ! I look to Thee ;
And by Thy midnight agony
Do Thou remember me.

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE MESSAGE TO THE WEARY.

ABOUT, and strife, and toil—
 They plough deep furrows o'er the
 heart's hard land ;
 Breaking up sternly the unfruitful soil
 With kind, relentless hand.

God's love is there to guide ;
 And He knows best how heavenly grace will
 grow.

Lo ! in the sweet, still hours of eventide
 The angels come and sow.

Oh ! if we watch and pray,
 And work and labour there right earnestly—
 Ne'er ceasing through life's long and weary day,
 Till night at last be nigh,—

Would not the harvest-field
 Be fair and lovely in the Master's eyes ?
 What golden wealth and beauty it would yield
 For Him in Paradise !

But if our care be less !—
 Ah ! sharp the watch that Satan stands to keep !
 And sometimes we, for very weariness,
 Yield to the spell of sleep.

And then the tares are sown
In those soft furrows made for heavenly seeds ;
And the good grain, ere it is scarcely grown,
Is choked with noxious weeds.

Thus many hours to thee
Seem strangely full of doubt, and fear, and pain ;
Against whose dark and grim perplexity,
Faith seems to strive in vain.

Ye know not why it is
That thoughts grow bitter in their recklessness ;
That all the work, which was so gladly *His*,
Becomes such weariness.

That e'en one's life seems held
In a fine web, whose meshes will not break
With passionate struggling—though the heart has
swelled

Against it for love's sake.

Go walk the busy street,
With lingering footfall and with restless brain,
Hearing on your soul's threshold the grim feet
That herald death, again.

And 'midst the whirl within,
'There falls perchance the church-bell's blessed chime,
Hushing that conflict with the hard world's sin,
With its own voice sublime.

Calling your thoughts away,
Near out of sound of earth's embittered strife ;
Gently dispelling the thick clouds that lay
Over the 'light of life.

Soothing the aching brain
And vexèd spirit with its music sweet ;
Loosing the bands whose presence caused such pain ;
Checking the wild heart's beat :

Whispering low words of peace—
The Church's message to her erring sons ;
Echoing that love which never more shall cease
Its care of weary ones.

“ Come here awhile and rest ;
Seek ye this shelter from the feverish glare ;
And pour out freely from the aching breast
Its sin and want in prayer.

“ Come, for the Saviour hears
In this His Church, His chosen dwelling-place ;
Come in at once, casting aside all fears—
Come, and implore His grace !

“ For He ne'er sends away
The hungry, earnest soul, unsatisfied ! ”
And so perchance go turn in there and pray
Other sore hearts beside.

And then the holy balm
Of peace and blessing every pain dispels ;
And the rough waters become clear and calm,
Where Jesus' Presence dwells.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

O LORD, THOU KNOWEST!

S



THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness
and sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee
for rest.

Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-
morrow,

Blessings implored, and sins to be confest,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
strayed,

How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed the
pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present—each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,

Or to beloved ones, than self more dear !
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone !

Thou knowest all the future—gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness—
And the dark river to be crossed at last :—
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this—*Thou knowest, Lord !*

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing,—
As *man*, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
Oh, Saviour ! Thou hast wept, and Thou hast
loved !

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :
Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known !

Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."



EARTH'S ANGELS.

HY come not spirits from the realms of
glory

To visit earth, as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and ancient
story,—

Is Heaven more distant, or as earth grown cold ?

Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds, receding,
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly burning, listened late and long—
But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraphs' song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim ?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn ;

And are they all within the veil departed ?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now,
And many a tear from human eye has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below ;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,—
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering Cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.


I have seen angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth ;
And when they passed the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourners' hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty,—
I call her *angel*, but he called her *wife*.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft, with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

SOWING AND REAPING.

OW ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee ;
One wore the thorns for thee ;
And, though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer ;
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth
When the sunbeams pass away.
Sow when the tempest-lowers,
For calmer days will break,
And the seed, in darkness nourished,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride ;
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on ;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the labourer's work is done.

Work ! in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own ;
God guides the down of the thistle
The wandering wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labour vain ?
The Word that for Him thou bearest
Shall return to Him again.
On !—with thine heart in heaven,
Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayside gladly,
In the damp, dark caverns low,
Where sunlight seldom reacheth,
Nor healthful streamlets flow ;

Where the withering air of poison
Is the young bud's earliest breath,
And the wild, unwholesome blossom
Bears in its beauty—death.
The ground impure, o'ertrodden
By life's disfiguring years,
Though blood and guilt have stained it,
May yet be soft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee ;
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep ;
God may the seedtime give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb ;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

ANNA SHIPTON.



*"HE ASKED LIFE OF THEE, AND
THOU GAVEST HIM A LONG LIFE,
EVEN FOR EVER AND EVER."*

HE is not dead," but only lieth sleeping
In the sweet refuge of his Master's
Breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil, and
weeping,

"He is not dead," but only taking rest.

What though the highest hopes he dearly cherished,
All faded gently as the setting sun ;
What though our own fond expectations perished,
Ere yet life's noblest labour seemed begun ;


What though he standeth at no earthly altar,—
Yet in white raiment, on the golden floor,
Where love is perfect and no step can falter,
He serveth as a Priest for evermore !

O glorious end of life's short day of sadness !
O blessed course so well and nobly run !
O home of true and everlasting gladness !
O crown unfading ! and so early won !

Though tears will fall, we bless Thee, O our Father,
For the dear One for ever with the blest,
And wait the Easter dawn when Thou shall gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest.

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL EUCHARIST.

T is the solemn time
Of mysteries sublime ;
There is deep silence through the House
of Prayer ;
For, lo ! with reverence high,
A little band draw nigh,
To eat and drink their last Communion there.

'Tis their last Sabbath day
Ere the swift bark away
From their own native land shall bear them far ;
And they no more may come
To this their holy home,
With morning sun or evening's rising star.

No more with humble cry
Of solemn Litany
Their voices 'mid the faithful band shall rise ;
Nor in the holy song,
Their lips have hymned so long,
Ascend with loud thanksgiving to the skies.

Far o'er the distant sea
Their future home must be,
'Mid lonesome woods, and rocks, and wilds un-
known ;

Where shall be none to tell
Of all they loved so well,
Of household joys and cherished pleasures flown.

Then shall their thoughts return
To their old homes, and yearn
For the sweet Sunday-bell of other times :
But they shall yearn in vain ;
Never for them again
Shall sound the music of those village chimes.

Parting from all beside,
To meet on life's dark tide
They know not what of sorrow and of change,
They fain would lean for rest
Upon His loving breast,
Who from His own no trouble shall estrange.

And therefore 'tis that now
They come with quivering brow,
And tearful eye, this last high Feast to seek :
Matron and sturdy sire,
And youth's quenched glance of fire,
And maiden bending low in silence meek.

O noble Pilgrim band !
'Tis better thus to stand,
Than girt with brazen helm or gleaming sword.
Yours is the shield of Faith
That mocks the darts of Death ;
Your falchion is the Spirit of your Lord !

Ye bear no gems nor gold
Forth from your homes of old ;
Dark penury hath forced you hence away ;
But ye, we trust, have won,
Through God's Eternal Son,
That crown of glory which shall not decay.

The trials of your lot
Soon may be all forgot ;
Ye shall pass onward to the distant shore,
And your remembrance fade,
Even as the morning shade :
The place that knew you once shall know no more.

But in your hearts shall lie
A sweet, glad memory
Of this blest hour, to guide to cheer you on,
Until at length you come
To that Eternal Home,
Whither your Saviour hath before you gone.

REV. G. W. BRAMELD, M.A.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



*THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH
PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.*



BORE with thee long weary days and
nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through
many tears ;
I bore with thee thy hardness, coldness,
slights,
For three-and-thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared ?

I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above ;
I not My flesh, I not My Spirit spared :
Give thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost ;
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth !
Why wilt thou still be lost ?

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced ;
Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding Cross, and shouted, hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

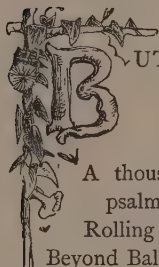
Thee did nails grave upon My hands, thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes ;
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame,
I,—God, Priest, Sacrifice !

A thief upon My right hand and My left ;
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery :
At length, in death, one smote My heart, and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking Cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep ;
So did I win a kingdom,—share My Crown :
A harvest,—come and reap !

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

UT on before me swept the moonlit
stream,
That had entranced me with his
memories,—
A thousand battles, and one burst of
psalms—
Rolling his waters to the Indian sea
Beyond Balsara and Elana far,
Nigh to two thousand miles from Ararat.
And his full music took a finer tone,
And sang me something of a gentler stream
That rolls for ever to another shore,
Whereof our God Himself is the sole sea,
And Christ's dear love the pulsing of the tide,
And His sweet Spirit is the breathing wind.
Something it chanted too of exiled men
On the sad bank of that strange river, Life,
Hanging the harp of their deep heart-desires
To rest upon the willow of the Cross,
And longing for the everlasting hills,
Mount Sion and Jerusalem of God.
And then I thought I knelt, and kneeling heard
Nothing—save only the long wash of waves,
And one sweet psalm that sobbed for evermore.

RIGHT REV. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

*From "The Waters of Babylon,"
an Oxford Prize Poem.*

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can
teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee :
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land !

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do, or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.


Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. PROCTOR.



THE WANDERER.

“I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost : O seek Thy servant ; for I do not forget Thy commandments.”

AR from the Shepherd's one true Fold
I stray,
In pathways all unknown ;
O dark and gloomy is the woeful day
That finds me here alone.

My hopes are blighted, and my heart bereft
Of comfort and repose ;
Because the Shepherd's blessed fold I left,
To wander where I chose.

I sought more liberty and less restraint ;
My will I wished to please ;
And all day long I made a vain complaint
For greater rest and ease.

At last I broke away and left the flock,
To find a desert bare,—
No food, no cooling stream, no sheltering rock—
False dreams and blank despair.

O for the Fold ! the blessed Fold once more !
O for the Shepherd's hand,
To guide me back, and lead me as of yore
In verdant pasture land !

O seek me, tender Shepherd, lest I die ;
Find me and take me home ;
Once there again in calm security,
My feet shall never roam.

Thy staff may strike—I will not shrink again,
Or spurn Thy warning voice,
Or seek a pathway without toil or pain,
Of mine own erring choice.

But in the footsteps of the flock my way
With duteous love I'll take,
And strive to curb my will, and day by day
All devious ways forsake.

Then seek me, tender Shepherd, lest I die,
Or further from Thee roam ;
In pity heed Thy wanderer's heart-wrung cry,
And bring me safely home.

E. L. LEE.



THE GREAT COMMISSION.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—ST. MARK xvi. 15.



AS when in sleep the mother deems
She holds her dead child in her
bosom,
And feels a waxen hand, and dreams
She sees again her perished blossom;

And dearer, sweeter seems to her
That image wan than any other ;
So should the thought within thee stir,
Of thy lost children, Island Mother !

No voice of dreams—it haunts thy soul,
Across the blue Pacific's water—
Above the wild Atlantic's roll—
From many an exiled son and daughter.

No visioned forms, they wander there
Beneath old woods' primeval shadows ;
Through coral-girded islands fair,
By frozen rocks and sunburnt meadows.

Thy living dead ! for whom the spring
Is dried, of spiritual being,
And every Sacramental thing
That leads to the unseen All-seeing !

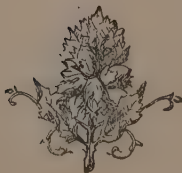
They hear no more, when Sundays come,
The old bells swing in village towers ;
A message from the Angels' home
Unto this work-day world of ours !

No more they seek in reverent haste
Christ's Wedding-Feast within His palace ;
Nor eat the precious Bread, nor taste
The wine-drop in the sacred Chalice !

For them no calm chance words are said
By pastoral lips in love and meetness ;
Like breathings from a violet bed,
That touch the common air with sweetness.

Therefore, lift up thine arm this day ;
Bid the Church meet them, Island Mother !
Lest they forget her as they stray,
And falsely deem they find another.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



WORDS.

“Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips.”—PSALM cxli. 3.



NEVER say a careless word
Hath not the power to pain !
The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
That closes not again.

Weigh well those light-winged messengers ;
God marked thy heedless word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang that it stirred.

Words !—What are words ? An idle breath,
That floateth lightly by,
Smiles on the lip that uttered them,
In tones of melody.
Yet have they strength to wound or bless,
Lightly as they are flung ;
Still writ upon some human heart,
Told by an Angel's tongue.

Words !—What are words ? A simple word
Hath spells to call the tears
That long have lain a sealed fount,
Unclosed through mournful years.
Back from the unseen sepulchre,
A word hath summoned forth
A form—that hath its place no more
Among the things of earth.

Words!—heed them well ; some whispered one
Hath yet a power to fling
A shadow on the brow, the Soul
In agony to wring ;
A name—forbidden or forgot,
That sometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wakening lips,
And mingles in our prayers.

O words—sweet words ! A blessing comes
Softly from kindly lips ;
Tender endearing tones, that break
The spirit's drear eclipse.
Oh ! are there not some cherished tones
In the deep heart enshrined,
Uttered but once—they passed—and left
A track of light behind ?

Words!—What are words ? Ah ! know'st thou not
The household names of love ?
The thousand tender memories,
That float their graves above ?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
Yet 'mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as Angel-guests would smile,
With gentle earnest eyes.

Thou hast been blest, if never bent
Thine head, in anguish low,
To hide the trembling lip—the tear
That harsh words caused to flow.

Striving in vain to mask the pain,
Veiled by thy silent pride,
The faint smile of the blanching lip,
That strove the pang to hide.


But oh ! more blest ! if memory brings
No record of the past,
Where angry glance and cruel word
Their withering shadow cast ;
Where no dead eye fell mournfully,
When on the quivering Soul
Thy bitter words went echoing
Like the loud thunder-roll.

By God's eternal dwelling-place
Those words went floating by,
And still the echo wanders on,
Throughout eternity.
And whispering yet within thine heart,
" The still small voice " is heard,
And thou shalt cry, " O God ! forgive
My heedless bitter word ! "

Are there no words, that from the fount
Of life and blessing come,
Cheering the sorrowing Soul with love,
And leading wanderers home ?
O Christ ! write Thou Thy words of peace
Upon our hearts, and be
The guard of each wing'd messenger
That upward flies to Thee.

ANNA SHIPTON.

SUNDAY EVENING.

 IS Sunday eve in summer's sweetest
time,
The sun just sinking 'neath the
purple hills,
A strange, husht calm my inmost spirit fills,
As here I listen to the old church-chime.

Before me, like the glassy sea of old—
Waveless in Sabbath-quiet sleeps the bay,
One white sail glimmering in the far-away,
Amid the waters tinged with dying gold.

Gently the twilight shadows all the land,
While from the ghostly clouds that fringe the sky,
The moon all pale and new gleams forth on high,
Like silver sickle held by Angel-hand.

Surely all nature owns the Sabbath hour,
Else why this peace so sweetly hovering round,
This silence, eloquent, yet so profound,
That holds us in its deep, mysterious power?

O Evening, flusht with gladness ! how I love
Thy peaceful benediction ! like the dew
Baptizing earth, and making all things new,
Thou liftest lower thoughts and hopes above !

I think of Eden and its sinless bowers,
Of God Himself walking in cool of day,
Where yet no trail of deadly serpent lay,
And gladdening Adam through the restful hours ;

I think of Joseph's garden, and its cave
Rock-hewn, from whence the mighty Conqueror
rose

The Lord of Life, who vanquished all our foes,
And flung a ray of brightness o'er the grave !

But most I think me of that sunlit Shore,
Where tempests beat not, and no shadows fall,
Where God and His dear love are all-in-all,
And we shall falter, sin, and weep no more.

That Rest remaineth ; yet these days of peace
Are foretastes sweet of that glad home above,
Where all His perfected in light and love,
At last shall meet, and every sigh shall cease.

Lord of the Sabbath ! Whom our hearts adore,
Accept the feeble anthem of our praise,
And fit us holier, loftier hymns to raise
In Thy great Temple—blest for evermore !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

THE MORNING STAR.

“I am the Bright and Morning Star.”



HICK lies the dew, the mists are
grey,

Wearier the weight upon my soul ;
There are no lights from yonder
coasts,—

Flaps the old flag against its pole.
I cannot trace the sea-marge now,
I do not hear the curlew's cry ;
The clouds are low, about, around,
No single star is out on high.

The waves, with deep and awful voice,
Break rudely on the rocky shore ;
So comes a storm from out the west,
Sounds hollow grow to deepening roar.
Winds ! scatter mists to north and south,
Flag ! toy with breezes as they play ;
So, o'er the golden eastern bar,
The morning star at break of day.

REV. F. G. LEE, S.C.L.

*THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL
REAP IN JOY.*



YE have not sowed in vain !

Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the crust of the burning
plain,

Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,

And waters of life on high !

One morn ye shall wake, and the Spring's soft green
O'er the moistened field shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,

Light on the darkened brow,

The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer ?

Then ye went not forth in vain ;

“ The Sower, the Son of man,” was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet sign of Spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the dry, hard ground that ring :

But the harvest-home ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together *there*.

Author of "The Three Wakings."



THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

HE nightingale at even, singing
Day's soft lullaby,
Echoed notes of farewell ringing
In the western sky ;—

Notes, as if from viewless harp-strings,
Touched by a seraph hand ;
Warnings, promptings, yearnings, strivings
For a better land.

Nature's hush—and night's dark shadows,
With no moonbeam riven ;
Till burst the lark's loud hallelujahs,
At the gate of Heaven.

These, but a paraphrase of being
Far more high than they,
Tell of the ransomed spirit fleeing
At life's setting day :

Tell how Faith sings songs of gladness
In the dying ear !
Of the land that knows no sadness,
Never sees a tear :

Tell of death's dark night of waiting
Till the eternal morn ;
When our bodies, upward soaring,
On Christ's love are borne.

Sing, sweet bird ! our hopes to cherish,
When our work is done ;
Lest our hearts should faint and perish
Ere life's race is run.

Darkened night ! our souls to admonish
Of their hour of gloom,
While their fleshy house is prisoned
In the narrow tomb.

Rise, kind lark ! again to Heaven,
With each opening day,
That when the bars of death are riven,
We may know the way.

B. COURTENAY GIDLEY.



HOW LONG?

“How long, Lord? wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever? Return
O Lord, how long?”—PSALM lxxxix. 46 ; xc. 13.

HOW long, O Lord, in weariness and
sorrow,
Must Thy poor people tread the
pilgrim road,
Mourning to-day and fearing for to-morrow,—
Finding no place of rest, no sure abode?—

Sighing o'er faded flowers and cisterns broken ;
Gazing on setting suns, that rise no more ;
Listening to sad farewells, and last words spoken
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's shore !

How long, through snares of error and temptation,
Shall noblest spirits stumble on their way ?
How long, through darkening storms of tribulation,
Must we press forward to eternal day ?

How long shall passing faults and trifles sever
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie ?
When shall the slanderer's tale be hushed for ever,
And brethren see in all things eye to eye ?

How long shall last the night of toil and sadness,
The midnight hour of gloomy doubts and fears ?
When shall it dawn, that promised morn of gladness,
When Thine own hand shall wipe away our tears ?

How long, O Lord? Our hearts are sad and weary,
Our voices join the whole creation's groan ;
With eager gaze we watch for thine appearing,
When wilt Thou come again, and claim Thine own?

Return ! return ! come in Thy power and glory,
With all Thy risen saints and angel throng ;
Bring to a close Time's strange, mysterious story,—
How long dost Thou delay,—O Lord, how long?

Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."



FOR I KNOW THEIR SORROWS.

WHEN across the heart deep waves
of sorrow

Break, as on a dry and barren
shore ;

When hope glistens with no bright to-morrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore ;

When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving stream,
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream :

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding,
Who the aching void within shall fill ?
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still ?

Only He whose wounded Heart was broken
With the bitter Cross and thorny Crown,
Whose dear love glad words of joy had spoken,
Who His life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer ! all our burdens lighten ;
Give us Peace, Thine own sweet Peace, we pray ;
Keep us near Thee till the Morn shall brighten,
And all mists and shadows flee away !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

HAD a vision of the night.

It seemed

There was a long red tract of barren
land,

Blockt in by black hills, where a half-
moon dreamed

Of morn, and whitened.

Drifts of dry brown sand,

This way and that, were heapt below : and flats
Of water :—glaring shallows where strange bats
Came and went, and moths flickered.

To the right,

A dusty road that crept along the waste
Like a white snake : and, further up, I traced
The shadow of a great house, far in sight :
A hundred casements all ablaze with light ;
And forms that flit athwart them as in haste :
And a slow music, such as sometimes kings
Command at mighty revels, softly sent
From viol, and flute, and tabor, and the strings
Of many a sweet and slumberous instrument,
That wound into the mute heart of the night
Out of that distance.

Then I could perceive

A glory pouring through an open door,

And in the light five women. I believe
They wore white vestments, all of them. They
were

Quite calm ; and each still face unearthly fair,
Unearthly quiet. So like statues all,
Waiting they stood without that lighted hall ;
And in their hands, like a blue star, they held
Each one a silver lamp.

Then I beheld
A shadow in the doorway. And One came
Crowned for a feast. I could not see the Face.
The Form was not all human. As the flame
Streamed over it, a presence took the place
With awe.

He, turning, took them by the hand,
And led them each up the white stairway, and
The door closed.

At that moment the moon dipped
Behind a rag of purple vapour, ript
Off a great cloud, some dead wind, ere it spent
Its last breath, had blown open, and so rent
You saw behind blue pools of light, and there
A wild star swimming in the lurid air.
The dream was darkened. And a sense of loss
Fell like a nightmare on the land : because
The moon yet lingered in her cloud-eclipse.

Then, in the dark, swelled suddenly across
The waste a wail of women.

Her blue lips
The moon drew up out of the cloud.

Again
I had a vision on that midnight plain.

Five women ; and the beauty of despair
Upon their faces : locks of wild wet hair,
Clammy with anguish, wandered low and loose
O'er their bare breasts that seemed too filled with
trouble

To feel the damp crawl of the midnight dew
That trickled down them. One was bent half double,
A dismayed heap, that hung o'er the last spark
Of a lamp slowly dying. As she blew
The dull light redder, and the dry wick flew
In crumbling sparkles all about the dark,
I saw a light of horror in her eyes ;
A wild light on her flusht cheek ; a wild white
On her dry lips ; an agony of surprise
Fearfully fair.

The lamp dropped. From my sight
She fell into the dark.

Beside her, sat
One without motion ; and her stern face flat
Against the dark sky.

One, as still as death,
Hollowed her hands about her lamp, for fear
Some motion of the midnight, or her breath,
Should fan out the last flicker. Rosy-clear
The light oozed, through her fingers, o'er her face.

There was a ruined beauty hovering there
Over deep pain, and dasht with lurid grace
A waning bloom.

The light grew dim and blear :
And she, too, slowly darkened in her place.

Another, with her white hands hotly lockt
About her damp knees, muttering madness, rockt
Forward, and backward. But at last she stopped,
And her dark head upon her bosom dropped
Motionless.

Then one rose up with a cry
To the great moon ; and stretched a wrathful arm
Of wild expostulation to the sky,
Murmuring—"These earth-lamps fail us ! and what
harm ?

Does not the moon shine ? Let us rise and haste
To meet the Bridegroom yonder o'er the waste !
For now I seem to catch once more the tone
Of viols on the night. 'Twere better done,
At worst, to perish near the golden gate,
And fall in sight of glory one by one,
Than here all night upon the wild, to wait
Uncertain ills. Away ! the hour is late !"

Again the moon dipped.

I could see no more.
Not the least gleam of light did heaven afford.

At last I heard a knocking on a door,

And some one crying, "Open to us, Lord!"
There was an awful pause.

I heard my heart
Beat.

Then a Voice—"I know you not. Depart!"
I caught, within, a glimpse of glory. And
The door closed.

Still in darkness dreamed the land.
I could not see those women. Not a breath!
Darkness, and awe: a darkness more than death.
The darkness took them. * * * * *

OWEN MEREDITH.



CHRIST AT SYCHAR.

“Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink.”—ST. JOHN iv. 7.



“GIVE Me to drink!” And who
and what art Thou
That askest drink of me, a child
of earth?

O wondrous Suppliant! Yes, I
know Thee now,

Though once a stranger to Thy matchless worth.

Give Thee to drink! Yes, had I seen Thee here,
Athirst and weary, seated on the well,
O how my heart had throbbed Thine heart to cheer,
This feeble tongue it hath no words to tell.

But, Jesus, say—what wouldst Thou have me do
To prove the love I *then* would fain have showed?
“I have a little band, a faithful few,
Pilgrims and strangers on their homeward road:

“Whene’er you see *them* weary on the way,
Athirst or fainting, *then* remember Me;
Think then thou hearest Me, the Master, say
‘Give Me to drink.’ This boon I crave of thee.

“And, oh ! when thou shalt sit with Me beside
The river of life’s water, cool and clear,
The same which issued from My wounded Side,
When in death’s agony I thirsted here,

“I will give thee to drink—oh ! such a draught
Of life and love from My unbounded store,
As no poor thirsting spirit ever quaffed,
When thou shalt drink with Me and thirst no
more.”



LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

“Always abounding in the work of the Lord.”

I COR. XV. 58.



COME, labour on !

Who dares stand idle on the harvest
plain,

While all around him waves the golden
grain ?

And to each servant does the Master say,

“Go work to-day !”

Come, labour on !

Claim the high calling Angels cannot share,—

To young and old the Gospel gladness bear :

Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,

The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on !

The labourers are few, the field is wide,

New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;

From voices distant far, or near at home ,

The call is “Come !”

/ Come, labour on !

The enemy is watching, night and day,

To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;

While we in sleep our duty have forgot,

He slumbered not.

Come, labour on !

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on !

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—
“ Servants, well done ! ”


Come, labour on !

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;—
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

Author of “ Hymns from the Land of Luther.”



GOD'S ANGELS.

AR in the glory of the sunset clouds
Angels methinks are there ;
But most where hearts, lone hearts, pale
grief enshrouds,
They stand with radiant hair.

They watch o'er children in their rosy bloom,
And o'er the trembling, desolate, and weak,
With stricken mourners weeping at a tomb,
With o'ercharged hearts that break.

In solemn beauty, and in strength and power,
Comes the soul's guardian from his home afar,
To stand beside us in temptation's hour,
Pure as a glittering star.

They see all clear what mortals cannot know,
Each spring of thought the cloudless Angels find,
Our dearest friends misjudge us, and are slow
Deciphering heart and mind.

They read our wants and give us tenderest care ;
Tuned by one heart of love their bosoms beat ;
They know the trials we are called to bear,
The thorns that pierce our feet.

They teach us mysteries of life and death,
In the soul's silence breathing hallowed things,
With Heaven's hushed music in their fragrant breath,
God's glory on their wings.
Faith's ladder pales not, Angels yet are found
All beauteous in calm and holy light ;
Their silver robes have skirted many a cloud
Thronging the purple night.
Swift from the golden gates they come and go,
And glad fulfil their Master's high behest,
Bringing celestial balms for human woe,
Blessing and being blessed.
'The Tempter hath his legions ; earth is trod
By their hard feet imprinting sin and care ;
And shall not they, the pure white souls of God,
Lift their high influence where
A soul is wrestling ?—see Gethsemane :
E'en to our Christ the holy Angels came ;
They waited on Him in His agony,
Shrouding in wings of flame.
And have not we sore need the faith to hold
Of the surrounding of the Angel bands ;
'Mid all earth's dust to trace their steps of gold,
And feel the uplifting hands ?—
To feel them near in hours of toil and weeping ;
With reverence hail each soul's celestial guest ;
Till they shall come, the final Harvest reaping,
To fold us into rest.

E. BRINE.

VESPERS.

See p. 152.
HOW many thousands are worshipping
now !
The Lord looks down where His loved
ones bow !

Solemn and sweet are the strains that rise
From the haunts of earth to the holy skies.

Where the tall cathedral rears its dome,
The long, loud notes of the organ roam
Through gothic arches, and nave, and aisle,
Where the last red beams of the sunlight smile.

Bright Angels hover where childhood sings,
And the first faint prayer of the contrite springs ;
And they gather the soft low words that come
Where the household kneel by the hearth of home.

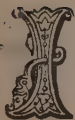
In the low, dim light of the sick man's room,
Soft voices are soothing the hour of gloom ;
And the parting soul breaks out in praise,
As she bids farewell to her earthly days.

And far in the heart of the unknown land
The traveller kneels with his weary band ;
And hark ! where the ship speeds fast and free,
A sound of prayer o'er the surging sea !

But the curtains of night the landscape shade ;
And the voices of earth in silence fade :
There's a Land where Life hath no shade nor care—
How many thousands are worshipping there !

C. L. FORD.



EVENSONG.

COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eye can see,
And dare to crave communion high with
Thee,
Father of love and light !

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all,—the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human spirit in its weary hours,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer ;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons, profound and high,
To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart ;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore ;
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction's grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake !

*A FINE DAY IN PASSION
WEEK.*



HERE is a rapturous movement, a
green growing
Among the hills and valleys once
again,
And silent rivers of delight are
flowing
Into the hearts of men.

There is a purple weaving on the heather,
Night drops down starry gold upon the furze,
Wild rivers and wild birds sing songs together,
Dead Nature breathes and stirs.

Is this the season when our hearts should follow
The Man of Sorrows to the hill of scorn?
Must not our pilgrim grief be scant and hollow
On such a sunny morn?

Will not the silver trumpet of the river
Wind us to gladsomeness against our will—
The subtle eloquence of sunlight shiver
What sadness haunts us still?

If I might choose, those notes should all be duller;
That silver trump should fail in Passion Week;
The mountain-crowning sky wear one pale colour,
Pale as my Saviour's cheek.

And day and night there should be one slow raining,
With mournful splash, upon the moor and moss,
And on the hill one tree its bare arms straining,
Bare as my Saviour's Cross.


Nay ! if thy heart were sorrowful exceeding,
Its pulses big with that divinest woe,
These natural things would only set it bleeding
To think it could be so ;—

To think that guilty and degraded Nature
Could look as joyful as she looketh now,
When the warm blood has dropped from her Creator
Upon her branded brow.

RIGHT REV. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.



THE CHARMER.

E need some charmer, for our
hearts are sore
With longings for the things
that may not be—

Faint for the friends that shall return no more,
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

“What is this life? And what to us is Death?
Whence came we? whither go? And where are
those

Who, in a moment stricken from our side,
Passed to that land of shadow and repose?

“Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of Time?

“Oh, man divine!—on thee our souls have hung,
Thou wert our teacher in these questions high;
But ah! this day divides thee from our side,
And veils in dust thy kindly guiding eye.”

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round
When Socrates lay calmly down to die—

So spake the Sage, prophetic of the hour
When Earth's fair Morning Star should rise on
high.

They found him not, those youths of soul divine,
Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore :
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them doubting as before.

But years passed on—and lo ! the Charmer came,
Pure, silent, sweet as comes the silver dew—
And the world knew Him not—He walked alone,
Encircled only by His trusting few.

Like the Athenian Sage—rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, His day of doom drew nigh ;
He drew His faithful few more closely round,
And told them that *His* hour was come to die.

“ Let not your heart be troubled,” then He said :
“ My Father's house has mansions large and fair ;
I go before you to prepare your place ;
I will return to take you with Me there.”

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair ;
Whither He went we know—the way we know,
And with firm step press on to meet Him there.

H. B. STOWE.



THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO worlds there are. To one our
eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see
again ;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering
shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air !
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded since to change or death ;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas ! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead !
We see them—visions strange—amid the
Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing,
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold ; to the very core
They strike our weary hearts
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor;
For brighter bells, and bluer,
For tenderer hearts, and truer,
People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand;
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forest green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem,
Very far off,—beyond our sensual dream;
Its woods unruffled by the wild winds' roar.
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment, and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe;
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet
carollings soar:
Eternal peace have they,
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that river of life which flows for
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo ! the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset ! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago ;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.



*TOUCHED WITH A FEELING OF OUR
INFIRMITIES.*



WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken
soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a piercèd Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

COMMUNION HYMN.

I.



He cometh, on yon hallowed Board
The ready Feast doth duly show,
Where wait the Chalice and the Bread,
Like gems within their veil of snow.

He cometh, as He came of old,
Suddenly to His Father's shrine,
Into the hearts He died to make
Meet temples for His grace Divine.

He cometh, as the Bridegroom comes,
Unto the Feast Himself has spread ;
His flesh and blood the heavenly food
Wherewith the wedding guests are fed.

He cometh—gentle as the dew,
And sweet as drops of honey clear,
And good as God's own manna shower,
To longing souls that meet Him here.

He cometh—let not one withdraw,
Nor fear to bring repented sin ;
There's Blood to wash, there's Bread to feed,
And Christ Himself to enter in.

He cometh—praises in the Church,
And hymns of praise in Heaven above,
And in our hearts repentant faith,
And love that springs to meet His love.

II.

O Jesu, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat ;
The Life of Life within our souls,
The cup of our Salvation sweet ;

We come to show Thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, Thy broken flesh,
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

O Heart that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure ;
O Flesh once offered on the Cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure :

Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of Thy Cross renew ;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced Thy victim Body through.

Come, Bread of Heaven, to feed our souls,
And with Thee, Jesu, enter in ;
Come, Wine of God, and as we drink
His precious blood, wash out our sin.

*AND WHEN THEY HAD SUNG AN
HYMN, THEY WENT OUT UNTO
THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.*



ALM lay the city in its double sleep,
Beneath the Paschal Moon's cold
silvery light,
That flung broad shadows o'er the
rugged steep
Of Olivet that night.

But soon the calm was broken, and the sound
Of strains all sweet and plaintive filled the air ;
And deep-toned voices echoing all around,
Made music everywhere.

The Holy Rite is o'er ; the Blessed Sign
Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife ;
The Bread is broken, and outpoured the Wine,—
Symbol of better Life.

The bitter cup of wrath before Him lies ;
And yet as up the steep they pass along,
The mighty Victim to the Sacrifice,
They cheer the way with song.

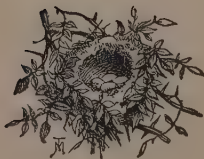
We ne'er can know such sorrow as that night
Pierced to the heart the suffering Son of God;
And every earthly sadness is but light
To that dark path He trod !

And yet how faint and feeble rise our songs !
How oft we linger 'mid the shadows dim !
Nor give the glory that to Him belongs
In Eucharistic hymn !

O for an echo of that chant of praise !
O for a voice to sing His mighty love !
O for a refrain of the hymns they raise
In the bright Home above !

Touch Thou our wayward hearts, and let them be
In stronger faith to Thy glad service given,
Till, o'er the margin of Time's surging sea,
We sing the song of Heaven !

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.



GOING HOME.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—ST.

MARK x. 14.



HEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago!
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast:
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,

Where the watching, waiting Angels
Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of His Presence
Who has called them unto Him.

They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss ;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them ;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim ;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them ;
Jesus called them unto Him.

Little hearts for ever stainless,—
Little hands as pure as they,—
Little feet by Angels guided,
Never a forbidden way !
They are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lonely spot ;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
Suffer, and forbid them not !



THE LAST VISIT TO GOD'S HOUSE.

HE hath been near unto the golden gate :
Serene he waited for his Master's
calling :
It came,—“A little longer thou must
wait ;

The sands of life have not yet ceased their falling.”

Once more he passeth in the well-known way,
Though sight be dim, though footstep fail and
falter ;

Led by the hand, once more this holy day
He draweth nigh unto his Lord's dear Altar.

He kneeleth low ; he heareth words of bliss ;
With hand up-spread and eyelid closed he kneeleth.
Oh, what an hour of peace and joy is this !
Oh, in what love his Lord Himself revealeth !

We see the trembling form : but far from sight
The spirit passeth to more glorious regions,
Behind the veil, upborne on wings of light,
Blending its worship with angelic legions.

Entranced he gazeth on the wounded Side,
The precious stream for him in mercy flowing,
The bowèd Head, the Arms outstretching wide,
The awful Cross, with mystic radiance glowing.

Servant of God ! Thou hast not long to stay ;
Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall
sever ;
Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,
And Him thou lovest, for ever and for ever !

REV. W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A.



THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

ACTS XII.



HE Apostle slept,—a light shone in
the prison,
An angel touched his side ;
“Arise !” he said ; and quickly he
hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet ;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly Angel stands where he reposes,
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay ;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight ;
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,
It now is far from them ;
For it has reached the City of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping,
The loss of one they love ;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A Festival above !

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral-bell tolls slow ;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro ;

And saying as they meet, " Rejoice ! another,
Long waited for, is come ;"
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's Home !

REV. J. D. BURNS, M.A.



THE TRUE BREAD.

TRUE Bread of Life, in pitying mercy
given,
Long-famished souls to strengthen
and to feed ;

Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of Heaven,
Thy Flesh is meat, Thy Blood is drink indeed.

I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
Though life through all its fields should pine and
die ;

Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

'True Tree of life! of Thee I eat and live,—
Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die ;
'Tis Thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

Feeding on Thee, all weakness turns to power,
This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring ;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy Church's Life and Lord, Immanuel !
At Thy dear Cross we find the eternal Bread,
And in Thy empty tomb the living well.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

DEAR Saviour of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid,
My heart lies down with Thee.

Oh, not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain,
But from a hope that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all Thy strength,
My place on earth to fill,
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will ;
Firm against every doubt of Thee
For all my future way—
To walk in Heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

Ah, such a day as thou shalt own
When suns have ceased to shine !
A day of burdens borne by Thee,
And work that all was Thine.
Speed Thy bright rising in my heart,
Thy righteous kingdom speed,—
Till my whole life in concord say,
“ The Lord is risen indeed.”

Oh for an impulse from Thy love
With every coming breath,
To sing that sweet undying song
Amid the wrecks of death !
A "hail !" to every mortal pang
That bids me take my right
To glory in the blessèd life
Which Thou hast brought to light

I long to see the hallowed earth
In new creation rise,—
To find the germs of Eden hid—
Where its fallen beauty lies,—
To feel the spring-tide of a soul
By one deep love set free ;
Made meet to lay aside her dust,
And be at home with Thee.

And then—there shall be yet an end—
An end now full to bless !
How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness !
Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our home complete,
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes—they shall meet, and face to face
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of life,
And perfect in their own.

For this corruptible must rise,
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine, then, Thou Resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine !
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine.
Now, in this changing, dying life
Our faded hopes restore,
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.

A. L. WARING.



ARE YOU READY?

WHAT and if the day is breaking,
Day so long by seers foretold,
When, from slumbers deep awaking,
Saints their Saviour shall behold?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or is still your bosom cold?

Is it cold to Him who sought thee
In this wilderness forlorn?
Cold to Him, the Friend who bought thee,
Nor complained of nail or thorn?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or do you His yearning scorn?

Are you clothed in bridal raiment,
Woven by anointed hands;
Given thee without thy payment,
Pledge of Love's attracting bands? *
Are you ready? are you ready?
See the portal open stands.


Are you washed in holy water,
You so long by sin defiled?
Should He say, "My son," "My daughter,"
Can you say, "Behold Thy child"?
Are you ready—are you ready—
Thus by Jesus to be styled?

* "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."—
HOSEA xi. 4.

Are you ready for the meeting
With the Saviour in the air?
Longing for that holy greeting
With the ransomed myriads there?
If not ready, if not ready,
Oh! for that great Day prepare!



THE LAST NIGHT OF THE OLD YEAR.

 WATCHED the Old Year as it lay a-dying,
The moon's cold light fell on the darkened
bed,
I heard the winds their *Requiescat* sighing
Over his weary head.

His work was done ; and like a warrior olden,
The hard fight o'er, he laid his armour down,
And passed all silent through the portal golden,
Where gleams the victor's crown.

What a strange life it was ! Oh, if the story
Of all its joys and sorrows could be known,
How would dark shadows, mingling with its glory,
Round its whole course be thrown !

How many tears have fallen hot and thickly !
How many wounded hearts, with anguish sore,
Have uttered the deep longing, " O come quickly ;
Our buried hopes restore ! "

How many blessed gifts of truest gladness
His own dear Hand has scattered on our way !
How oft His voice of love, amid our sadness,
Turned darkness into day !

Old dying Year, thy memories are dearer
Than any of thy grandsires gone before ;
I feel as though thy waves had brought me nearer
To the Eternal Shore.

So here I bring its every sin and sorrow,
Its deeds accomplished and its work undone,
To His dear Cross, and wait the bright to-morrow,
And the unsetting Sun.

Therefore, Old Year, farewell. I watch thee dying,
Struggling in weakness for thy latest breath ;
I catch the lessons thou wouldst teach me, lying
In the calm sleep of death ;

And these thy last faint words, while morn doth
brighten,—

“Up and be doing ; lay in golden store ;
Till the great harvest of the world shall whiten,
And time shall be no more.”

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.



"WE HAVE AN ALTAR."

HEB. xiii. 10.



EARY and sad with toil and sin,
With fears without and strife within,
Lord, to Thine Altar's shade I fly,
And low before Thy Presence lie.

The burden of a week I bring,
And down before Thy Cross I fling ;
It is too hard for me to bear,
Unless it here Thy blessing share.

O Altar, Altar, there is not
In all the earth so blest a spot,
As where Thy snowy coverings hide
The emblems of the Crucified.

We need no other signs of Thee,
O Thorn-Crowned, for our faith is free ;
And where these sacred tokens lie,
We feel and know that Thou art nigh.

Here Thou dost weekly lull to rest
The stormy passions of our breast ;
Here, while adoringly we kneel,
Thine awful kiss of peace we feel.

O Altar, low beneath thy shade
I still would lie ; nor be afraid
To watch beside thee through the night,
Or trace thee by the moon's pale light.

But most when painted glories fall
Through pictured glass on floor and wall,
And glow, with sweet unearthly grace,
From some transfigured martyr-face ;

O then I love to kneel before
The Altar on the chancel floor ;
While coloured sunlights, falling down,
Weave round about a glory-crown ;

And gliding down each flickering moat
An Angel-whisper seems to float,
Like scattered notes of that great hymn
Sung up in Heaven by Seraphim.

Silence is filled with sweetest sound—
Church walls are Heaven's farthest bound,
And all the angelic armies stand
About the Throne, on either hand.

That woven light which gleams above
The Altar-Throne of Jesu's love,
In mystic symbol seems to me
The glory of the Eternal Three.

“Midst of the Throne, the Lamb who died,”
“The Lamb of God,” “the Crucified;”
Here on our Altar, bleeding, bound,
The eternal Son of God is found.

O mystery of mysteries !
I kneel and gaze with wondering eyes ;
I see “another Angel” stand,
With golden censer in His hand :

His piercèd Hand the censer swings,
And, streaming up on shadowy wings,
The prayers of all the saints arise
With His “much incense” to the skies.

O gift unutterably Divine
Of broken bread and pourèd Wine !
O “hidden Manna” from above !
O rich, strong Wine of endless love !

I would that all my home were made
Beneath the holy Altar shade ;
Here, at the gates of Heaven to lie,
Content to live, and glad to die.

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.



VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.


T is finished ! Man of Sorrows,
 From Thy Cross our frailty borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.
 While extended there we view Thee,
 Mighty Sufferer ! draw us to Thee,
 Sufferer Victorious.

Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted !
 May that sacred Emblem be
 Lifted high amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes, saints, and sages ;
 May it guide us still to Thee.

Still to Thee, whose love unbounded
 Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.
 Honoured be Thy Cross for ever,
 Star, that points our high endeavour,
 Whither Thou hast gone before !

T. H. HEDGE.

BELOW AND ABOVE.

OWN below the wild November
whistling
Through the beech's dome of burn-
ing red,
And the Autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above the tree with leaf unfading,
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass, beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below the white wings of the sea-bird,
Dashed across the furrows dark with mould,
Flitting like the memories of our childhood
Through the trees now waxen pale and old.

Down below imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that toss like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes like sea-birds flashed across the mind.

Up above the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,
Each some work sublime for ever working,
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger love 'without a touch of woe.

Down below a sad mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above a music that entwinedeth,
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below the Church to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the Sacrament.

Up above the burst of Alleluia,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapt around us like a sunlit halo)
The great vision of the Face of Christ.

Down below cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers,
Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers :

And the new-made grave within the Churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher ever as it dusketh
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and light for ever,
Ordered in his place among his peers.

O the sobbing of the winds of autumn,
O the sunset streak of stormy gold,
O the poor heart thinking in the Churchyard,
“Night is coming, and the grave is cold !”

O the pale and plashed and sodden roses,
O the desolate heart that grave above,
O the white cap shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love !

O the rest for ever, and the rapture !
O the Hand that wipes the tears away !
O the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o’er the clay !

RIGHT REV. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.



THE BLESSED HOPE.

COME, Lord Jesus, quickly come !
Lo, Thy Church with longing eye
Lifts her blended voices high,
Not a lip is dumb.

They who sow with many a tear
In the dry and stubborn soil,
Mourning ask from out their toil,—
“ Master, art Thou near ? ”


Watchers of the weary night,
While they pace their lonely round,
Listen for the trumpet's sound,—
Seek the dawning light

When shall lighten forth Thy sign
Through the heavens ? O Lord, how long ?
When, amid the radiant throng,
Shall Thy coming shine ?

REV. H. G. TOMKINS.



EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.

OME, Lord, and tarry not :
 Bring the long-looked-for day :
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?

Come, for Thy saints still wait ;
 Daily ascends their sigh ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of Thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy Israel pines,
 An exile from Thy fold ;
 O call to mind Thy faithful word,
 And bless them as of old.

Come, for love waxes cold,
 Its steps are faint and slow ;
 Faith now is lost in unbelief,
 Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth;
Sower and Reaper Thou !

Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

Come and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.



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